



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 19, 1882.

NUMBER 153.

TO-DAY'S RACES.

FIRST RACE.--2:33:

PURSE \$800. First horse \$400, second \$200, third \$120, fourth \$80. In harness, mile heats, best three in five.

NAME OF HORSE.	OWNER.	HEATS.
1. Anglin, b. g.....	E.W. Kimball
2. Rigolette, b. m.....	R. C. Pate.....
3. Lady Lucas, ch. s., formerly Princess...	Dr. Lucas.....
4. Ina, b. m.....	T. Dickerson..
5. Highland Stranger, b. s.....	John Kelley..
6. Keno, b. g.....	W. H. Wilson
7. Waverly, b. g.....	J. Hinchman.
8. Belle G., g. m.....	G. J. Goed.....
9. Lillian, ch. m.....	G. H. Withers

SECOND RACE.--2:17:

Purse same as above.

NAMES OF HORSE.	OWNER.	HEATS.
1. Deck Wright, b. g.....	J. Kumber...
2. Voltaire, br. s.....	C. B. Harvey.
3. J. B. Thomas, b. s.....	M. M. Hedges
4. Alley, b. g.....	A. Goldsmith

Miss Nellie Burke, of Omaha, Nebraska, will ride against a gentleman for \$1,000 a side.

THE STEAMER LAURA L. DAVIS,

after the close of the races, will leave the wharf at Maysville for CINCINNATI, and will carry Passengers and Stock. The entire lower deck is arranged for the accommodation of stock. For rates apply on board to CAPT. JOHN WOODBURN.

I AM DAILY RECEIVING NEW DESIGNS IN

China and Glassware,
which I will sell very low. Clocks repaired,
myself G. A. MCCARTHEY.

TEAS!! TEAS!!

I HAVE a full supply of the best GUNPOW-
DER TEA in the market. Give me a trial
myself GEO. H. HEISER.

BARCAINS

-IN-

Queensware, Glass and Tinware

For sale at REDUCED rates at
SIMON & BROS.,
45 Market St., East side, between 2nd and 3rd.
m5d6m

GARDEN SEEDS.

We have reopened our Seed Store on
Market Street one door above the Red Corner
Clothing Store and have on hand an entirely
new stock of

DREER'S PHILADELPHIA GARDEN SEEDS.

We have also Seed Potatoes, Onion Setts,
Greenhouse and Bedding Plants, Fruit and Or-
namental Trees and Cabbage, Tomato and
Sweet Potato Plants of all varieties in season.
Also a full stock of Florists' Goods of all kinds
at wholesale or retail.

CUT FLOWERS

-AND-

Floral Designs,

made to order at short notice.
124mdaw C. P. DIETRICH & BRO.

During This Week

SPECIAL BARGAINS

—Will be Given In—

Buggies, Phætons, Spring Wagons, Farm Wagons,

Double Shovel Plows, Reapers and Mowers,

&c., &c., &c.
Myall & Riley,

No. 7 Second and No. 18 Sutton St.,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

mal35d1tw.

How Jerusalem Looks Now.

In the *Atlantic Monthly*, Edward Everett Hale gives the following realistic pen-picture of Jerusalem:

Everybody knows the general aspect of Jerusalem now. Ordinance surveys, societies for exploration, Sunday-school teachers, and artistic friends have brought pictures of it for those of us who live in these most remote corners; Jerusalem itself, be it remembered, being in the "middle of the world." Indeed, such is the ease of travel now, that it is safe to take for granted, in any considerable assembly, that some one is present who has walked in the streets of Jerusalem, has seen the Jews weeping by its walls, and can describe from personal remembrance the Mosque of Omar.

This general aspect helps us in forming an idea of what it looked like eighteen hundred and fifty years ago—of which, by misfortune, there is no description. Of the temple and its glories, as all readers know, there is very full description; but the indifference of the ancients to the picturesque and even to topography, leaves us to construct for ourselves the Jerusalem of the gospel time. Still, the slopes of the hills are there; the olive-trees and the anemones and the cyclamens, with the rest of the spring vegetation, are there. The wood has been destroyed from the country generally by the ravages of Islam and Islam's wars. But the neighborhood of a city as large as Jerusalem was then is never heavily wooded. The population of the city itself was then six or eight times what it is now. Such a population requires diligent farming and market gardening in the neighborhood. So that it is probable that the country around had more farm-houses and hamlets and other aspects of habitation than it has now. But, making such allowances for changes, the traveler to-day has a right to feel that he looks on much such a landscape as the traveler coming down to Jerusalem from Jericho saw in the days of Jesus Christ. A New Englander sometimes catches a bit of landscape in his own region which reminds him, if the conditions of sky and climate are right, of these rounded hills and rounded olive-trees and closer olive-orchards. I have a photograph of a piece of "hill country" near Jerusalem which may easily be mistaken for a home scene in Northern Middlesex or Southern New Hampshire. You have only to select a bit of rolling country, well covered with orchards, without New England houses, forests, evergreens, or pines, but with a fair share of stone walls, photograph it, and place the picture in your portfolio, between a view of Jaffa and one of the Dead Sea, and even an experienced pilgrim would take it up and say, "And this is somewhere near Jerusalem."

The city was built so long ago that nobody knows when. It is on the crest line between the waters of the Dead Sea valley and those which flow into the Mediterranean. The hills on which it stands were abrupt enough to make an admirable fortress; what has been said of rounded slopes does not apply to them. Fortress it was in the days of the Jebusites, when David took it. After his time, it assumed the state and importance of a capital. And this was no little state and importance when it meant a capital to which "the tribes come up three times a year." Josephus says—in what is probably an unintentional exaggeration—that at the time of the Passover a million and a quarter people assembled in it, or in tents around it. Even if this is not true, it gives an idea of what an intelligent man thought true in times immediately after Christ's visits to the city.

SEARCH for the truth is the noblest occupation of man; its publication a duty.

Charlotte Cushman's Grave.

The famous tragedienne, Charlotte Cushman, is the most distinguished woman buried in Mount Auburn. Her monument is modeled after the Egyptian obelisk recently erected in Central Park, the shaft being twenty-five feet in height. This rests on a suitable foundation, and the entire structure is nearly thirty-four feet. The only inscription is the name "Charlotte Cushman," which, indeed, is all that is required. Miss Cushman was a native of Boston, and was the oldest of five children. Her father was bankrupt, and she went on the stage for the purpose of affording a support for those she loved. She developed an extraordinary dramatic genius, which was fully appreciated by the public, and her role included the highest range of Shakespearean characters. Hence she drew immense audiences, and as a result her professional emoluments were of an unparalleled amount. She was always highly liberal to her relatives, and left them an estate estimated at a half million. Miss Cushman was the only distinguished tragedienne that went through life unmarried. The reason of her celibacy is unknown, but it may be supposed that her bold, masculine manners were too repulsive. She had one admirer, however, but no one knew the reason why he was unsuccessful. Perhaps he shrank at last from offering his hand to one of such hauteur and autocratic disposition, or some pique may have led her to reject him in hope of a more distinguished match. Whatever be the reason she remained Charlotte Cushman, and gave a noble example of the dignity of maiden life. She selected a lot in Mt. Auburn some time before her death, and showed her usual taste in the preference of locality. It is prettily situated at the base of a gentle eminence, and has a fine view of Boston, with the Charles River in the distance. The tragedienne remarked at the time of making the purchase, "Here I shall be in sight of dear old Boston." Immediately after her death (February 18, 1876) a small headstone bearing her name was erected, which eventually gave place to the above mentioned obelisk.

College Patronymies.

A few years ago one of the students at Bowdoin College bore the euphonious title of "Spud." He was a fine scholar, and after graduation was chosen an instructor in the college. Of course his student name still clings to him. He knew it, and didn't like it. He was very dignified, and his professional chair did not diminish the gravity of his demeanor. One day some boys playing ball near the door of a recitation-room in which "Spud" was conducting a Latin exercise, annoyed this expounder of subjectives and the intricacies of indirect discourse, and calling a sophomore to him, he said: "Please go to the door, Mr. A., and say to those players that I desire them to cease their play or make less noise." A. went to the door, stuck his head out, and shouted in stentorian tones: "Here, you fellows! Spud says dry up!" Another Professor at the same college bore the nickname "Kai-gar," from two common Greek words. In fact very few professors in any American college escape familiar or opprobrious nicknames at the hands of the students. One of the happiest hits of this sort was at the expense of a certain Yale professor who was called "Old Spondée"—a spondee, in metrical versification, consisting of two long feet.

ONE day I ate a large mulberry in an abstracted kind of way, which turned out to be a silk worm. It has a ripper, richer, nut-brow flavor than the berry, but is colder and more fuzzy.—*That Boomerang Chap.*